The Glocestershire TRAGEDY;

Being an Account of

Mary Smith, of Thornbury,

Who Poisoned her Father,

SIR JOHN SMITH,

For Love of a young Man.

an Account of her Trial, and Dying
eech, at the Place of Execution, which
s in Glouceſter Market Place at the laſt
ſizes.

ave also the Text of her Funeral Ser-
on, which was preached the Morning
ore her execution. The Words of the
ext are as follow: *Pſalm* 119, verse 11.

e Sight of the Priſoner come before thee,
ſerve thou them that are appointed to die.

n account how the young Man died
for Grief, &c.

and Sold by Howard and Evans, 42, Long
Lane, London.

THE Glocestershire Tragedy

THIS pattern here I shall unfold,
The which is worth the weight in gold,
It may be a cordial for the soul
Of those that are undutiful.

In Glocestershire lived a noble knight,
He had a daughter of beauty bright,
On whom he plac'd his love most dear,
And by this book you soon shall hear.

When grown up she was very tall,
Having a handsome face withal;
Many a courtier to her came,
Squires, knights, and lords of fame.

One time, upon a certain day,
A noble lord of high degree,
Unto her father came, we find,
To whom he did disclose his mind.

father for his child did send,
ng, I advise you as a friend
wed this man, he has wealth in store
you'll be made for evermore.
fell down upon her knees,
said, dear father, as you please,
ed I think I am too young,
sir, your pleasure shall be done
father said, my dearest child,
shalt not wed against thy mind,
bt I have all that e'er I see,
uld not force my child, said he,
when she her father's love had try'd,
uitors all she strait deny'd;
farther, gave out word to all,
she would wed with none at all.
st her tender yielding heart
pierc'd by Cupid's wounding dart,
she her pains could not remove,
e became a slave to love.
Mr. Watts, as it is said,
as a wig-maker by trade,
a very handsome man,
id her yielding heart trepan.
x months time they wanton'd so,
o the world it was unknown,
ey met in private, till at last
r love-sick hearts were linked fast.

At last her father came to know,
His daughter lov'd this young man so,
He in a violent rage did fall,
And for his daughter strait did call.
And when she came to him he said,
Is this the choice that you have made?
Are you so fond that you must wed,
With one that cannot get his bread?
Get from my sight and come no more,
Within the threshold of my door;
Begone said he as here I live,
I'll cut you off from all I have.
With that she fell upon her knees,
While tears ran tickling down like peas,
Dear father I my faults confess,
And further more thy pardon ask.
Upon thy daughter pity take,
And here I will this promise make,
Never for to go nigh him more,
Nor let him came within your door,
She from her father strait did part,
With flowing eyes and melting heart,
And in her chamber all alone,
With wringing hands she made her moan.
My dearest dear, and I, said she,
For evermore must parted be,
O heaven! ease me from my care,
My grief is more than I can bear

the dead time of the night, 'tis said,
Then all the family were in bed,
tears she to the young man did come
d told him all that had been done.

ith heavy sighs and bitter cries,
hile tears came pouring from her eyes,
ssing his lips, my dear said she,
l venture life and soul for thee.

hile tears came pouring down amain,
ith heart opprest with grief and pain,
is couple forced was to part,
ith flowing eyes and bleeding heart.

w, now this fatal tragedy,
hich I shall mention speedily,
will let you know the sad estate
those who are unfortunate.

tears she spent the night away,
d oftimes to her love would say,
rd, help a lover in distress,
y sorrows they are numberless.

she lay weeping in her bed,
e Devil put it in her head,
at she would not obtain her will,
il she her father dear would kill.

rait from her bed she did arise,
iping the tears from her poor eyes,
ith heart opprest with grief and woe,
o the kitchen she did go.

Upon the fire there was set
Some posset boiling in a pot,
Which for her father was prepar'd,
He then was walking in the yard.
This poor wretched soul immediately
Put in three drams of mercury,
Which indeed was enough or more,
To kill or poison half a score.
Then in her father and sister came,
And drinking of the very same,
Not thinking any harm at all
But for his wife he strait did call.
Seeing them both sick unto death,
And could not long retain their breat
A further mischief to prevent,
With speed she for a doctor sent.
But before the doctor came, we find,
Their fading breath they did resign,
While her mother dear sat weeping b
Bewailing her sad destiny.
But God, who brings such things abo
By him the murder was found out;
Oppressed with a guilty shame,
In tears she did confess the same.
Before justice Jones she was brought wit
And by him she was examined,
While she in tears did sore lament,
To Glocester prison she was sent.

At last the assizes drawing near,
She then was brought unto the bar,
To have her trial, as 'tis said,
According to the laws of God.

The gentry came both far and near
Her fatal trial for to hear;
She by her words, poor soul, was cast,
And was condemn'd to die at last.

Lord! when she was condemn'd to die,
What dreadful bitter shrieks and cries
Came from the rich as well as poor,
The like was never heard before.

She back again to goal was sent,
Having a month's time to repent,
And to make her peace with God on high;
But oh! the fatal day drew nigh.

The night before the fatal day,
She for her mother sent straightway,
Who came to her with flowing eyes,
With wringing hands and bitter cries.

When she beheld her mother's face,
The tears came trickling down apace;
Behold your graceless child, said she,
Here before you on her bended knee.

Let me here your blessing have,
Before I am carried to the grave;
For Christ's sake, mother, pardon me,
And God will do the same by thee.

The mother said, my blessing take,
That may ne'er thy soul forsake,
But help thee in extremity,
That's all, dear child, I can give to thee.

At last the fatal morning's come
On which she must receive her doom;
Honored mother, then said she,
I have one more thing to beg of thee:

Let me be laid between these two
Which I shall mention unto you,
Between my sister, who is not here,
And him whom I esteem so dear.

To this her mother dear agreed,
And he was sent for with all speed,
Who to the prison came in tears,
To take the farewell of his dear.

She flew about his neck straitway,
Kissing his lips, these words did say,
My dear and only joy, said she,
See what I have got by loving thee.

The business it was ordered so,
That she first to church must go
To hear her funeral sermon read,
Then to the gallows she must be led.

First out of prison she was led,
Unto the church was brought, 'tis said,
From head to foot all cloth'd in white,
Which was a very comely sight.

ermon being ended ſtrait,
church ſhe to the ſtake was brought,
heart more cold than ice or lead,
ing about theſe words ſhe ſaid—
you that are come to ſee me die,
old and ſee my deſtiny,
that the Lord you love and fear,
d honour you your parents dear."
weeping eyes ſhe ſhook her head,
words ſhe to the people ſaid,
ve God your parents well obey,
you've no friend alive but they."
her knees did a bleſſing crave,
her poor tender mother gave,
up the ladder ſhe did aſcend,
flowing eyes and wringing hands,
alms and prayers being done,
the ladder it was turn'd,
all'd out for the young man,
by her ſide did trembling ſtand.
ſaid ſhe a gentle heart,
ready to reſign her breath,
ear ſaid ſhe my eyes to bee,
rought this ſhameful death to me.
one kiss from your dear lips,
which I love ſo dear ſaid ſhe,
d my me, my dear ſaid ſhe,
be the laſt you'll e'er give me.

Kissing his lips, she cry'd aloud,
" Receive a sinner! now I come,
" Dear Christ receive a sinful soul."
She ne'er spoke more, but off she swung.

The young man's heart with grief was broke
He strait went home and took his bed,
After that minute never spoke,
But the next morning was found dead.

They both were buried in a grave,
In Glocester city there they lie;
The Lord above their souls receive,
And so I end my tragedy.

A HYMN

ATHER of Jesus Christ the just,
My friend and advocate with thee,
a soul who fain would trust,
Him who liv'd and dy'd for me;
only thou canst make him known,
in my heart reveal thy son.

drawn by thine alluring grace,
ly want of living faith I feel,
w me in Christ thy smiling face,
Which flesh and blood can ne'er reveal;
y co-eternal Son display,
d call my darkness into day.

e gift unspeakable impart,
Command the light of faith to shine,
hine in the dark drooping heart,
nd fill me with the life divine,
w bid the new creation be,
God, let there be faith in me.

Thee without faith I cannot have,
But thou haſt ſent the prince of pea
To ſeek my wandering ſoul to ſave,
Me from the valley of diſgrace:
O Father glorify thy Son,
And ſave me for thy ſake alone.

FINIS.